

LOCAL THEATERS ARRANGING EXCELLENT PROGRAMS OF MOVIES, VAUDEVILLE, BURLESQUE, AND FASHION SHOW — FOX WILL FEATURE CHARLES RAY IN "A TAILOR-MADE MAN" BEGINNING OCT. 29—PALACE TO PRESENT "I AM THE LAW" — OTHER NOTES OF INTEREST

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Reason Madge Rushed to Open Katie's Door.

Lillian gave me no time for further introspection concerning Dr. Pettit's mysterious reference to Dicky's whereabouts. With her hand compellingly on my arm she rushed me down the hall and into her room, putting me into a chair near the light and turning its illumination full upon my face.

"Lucky dear mama-in-law has the children," she commented, as she turned my bruised and grained face up to hers. "Sit still and close your eyes until I come back. I won't be five minutes."

She lowered her own record promise in her return, laden with a basin of warm water, soap, an antiseptic lotion, a healing unguent and plenty of soft cloths.

"Now," she said, tucking a big bath towel around my neck, "well have you looking like the crickiest chirp in no time. But I warn you, some of this will smart."

Her warning was justified. Some of her remedies did smart almost intolerably, but though I am an ardent coward where physical pain is concerned, I set my teeth, determined not to wince, when only a few feet from my door, Tom Chester had undergone—indeed, was undergoing still—agonies which made my hurts seem the merest annoyances.

But it was over at last, and with my face feeling comfortable and my nervous tension relaxed, I opened my eyes when Lillian gave me permission and smiled at her.

"I feel like a new woman," I said gratefully.

Lillian tipped her head to one side, looking at me critically.

Plans in Detail.

"You look like one, that is, like the militant variety used to look after having been dragged from a heckling stump," she remarked dryly. "No," as I rose involuntarily, "you can't have any mirror. Your face will be healed over in a few days, and there's no use upsetting your vanity before then. I've something more important on hand. Tell me everything that happened since your left the house. Of course, I know you did the job, somehow, but I'd like the details."

The note of pride, of absolute confidence in her voice was most gratifying, but when I had finished recounting the incidents of my expedition, including Tom Chester's dismemberment, and my own wild ride upon the back of Smith's limousine, the loving, impetuous clasp of her arms, and her lavish commendation so rarely bestowed, thrilled me greatly and made me flush deeply.

"You brave, resourceful, idiotic girl," she exclaimed, with her arms close around me. "How easily you might have been killed! But how wonderful to think you turned the trick! That link in the chain is finished now. Sooner or later Smith will lead the way to the man we want, the wealthy, trusted, seemingly 100 per cent. American who is the spider in the center of this monstrous web of treachery and infamy. And if my hunch is good, Katherine is going straight to a house, which if not the home of the man we want, is that of some one very near to him."

"Turn Up the Light—"

"I wish she weren't going," I said impulsively. "I feel as though—"

"You feel as though you needed a

THANKFUL FOR

A LITTLE CHILD

Mrs. Mertz Tells How Lydia

E. Pinkham's Vegetable

Compound Helped Her

Kutztown, Pa.—"I wish every woman

who wants children would try Lydia E.

Pinkham's Vegetable

Compound. It has done so much for

me. My baby is almost a year old now

and is the picture of

health. She walked

at eleven months and

is trying to use her

little tongue. She

can say some words

real nice. I am sending

you your picture. I

shall be thankful

as long as I live that I found such a wonderful

medicine for my troubles."—Mrs.

CHARLES A. MERTZ, Kutztown, Pa.

Many cases of childlessness are curable.

Perhaps yours may be. Why be

discouraged until you have given Lydia

E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a

faithful trial?

Spoken and written recommendations

from thousands of women who have

found health and happiness from its use

have come to us. We only tell you what

they say and what they believe.

We believe that Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound is so well adapted

to the conditions which might cause

your trouble that good will come to you

by its use.

Merit is the foundation of Lydia E.

Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has

behind it a record of nearly fifty years.

good night's sleep to get the tremors out of you," Lillian retorted. "Of course you are imagining everything."

"The calendar that could happen to Katherine just now, and I don't wonder after your experience this evening. Katherine won't be in any danger—that is," she amended conscientiously—"the chances are at least ten to one of her coming through safely. And tonight you had less than a fifty-fifty. No, events are moving very smoothly. We can afford to rest on our oars a bit. Listen! Isn't that some one crying?"

I listened for a second or two, then rose abruptly.

"It's Katie," I decided. "I was afraid she's been frightened when she awakened. Hurry, or she'll rouse everybody in the house."

I was in the hall before I had finished speaking, and racing down the corridor to the kitchen wing, Katie's cries—mere whimpers at first—were becoming louder, and I knew my volatile little maid's tendency to hysteria when frightened or angry. Lillian's footsteps sounded behind me, and she had caught up to me by the time I had managed to open Katie's door.

My little maid was sitting up in bed, her hands clutching at her still swollen throat upon which Smith's brutal, murderous hands had closed, her eyes wildly darting around the dimly-lighted room, her lips uttering hoarse cries, which were increasing in volume with every second. I sprang to the side of the bed, throwing a crisp command over my shoulder to Lillian:

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he had something most important on his mind.

Receiving no answer, Mr. Coon

stuck his head out of his doorway and

looked all around. His son Fatty

was playing in a neighboring tree.

"Where's your mother?" Mr. Coon

inquired.

"She's gone a-visiting," Fatty ex-

plained.

Mr. Coon glared.

"She might have told me," he

grumbled. "Here I've been invited

to a party. And I've run all the way

home to get my hair cut. And your

mother isn't here to do it."

"I don't know what to do," said

Mr. Coon gloomily. "I've needed a

haircut for weeks. I can't go to the

party without one."

All at once his son Fatty had an

idea.

"Let me cut your hair," Fatty he

cried.

"You!" Mr. Coon exclaimed with

fine scorn. "You! You never cut any-

body's hair but your own."

"I've often watched mother when

she cut yours," Fatty told him stoutly.

"I know I could cut it as well as

she can."

His father shook his head. But

Fatty begged and begged, until after

a while Mr. Coon said, "Well, will you

take great pains if I let you? Will you

be very careful not to cut my ear

off?"

"Which one?" Fatty asked him.

"Either one," said his father.

"Yes! Yes, Fatty!" Fatty promised.

"Very well," said Mr. Coon. And

he sat himself down upon a log.

In great glee Fatty ran and found

his mother's shears.

"How will you have it?" he in-

quired, for he remembered that his

mother always asked his father that

question. "Short or long?"

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KENNETH HARLAN IN "I AM THE LAW"

Local Favorite Plays Lead in Palace Feature

"I Am the Law," a blue-blooded story of crime and scintillating action, laid in that god-forsaken land of barren whiteness and the snow drifts of the northwest, where the derelicts of humanity drift to make their last gold strike, where race or creed is forgotten in the mad rush for the precious yellow metal—there in that country is laid the setting of a powerful photo-drama that comes to the Palace Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, heralded as greater in story and cast than any other production that has come to this city in a decade.

Brimful of action, sparkling with scenes of wondrous splendor, and enacted by an all-star cast that bids fair to rank with the greatest aggregation of movie stars ever assembled.

"I Am the Law" tells the story of the adventures of a country north of 54 degrees latitude, where it's fifty-odd below, where the wastelands of civilization harbor a law of their own.

Featured in this story of stories are Kenneth Harlan as Corp. Bob Fitzgerald. Truly just such a cast as is seen once in a decade, all directed by the master director, whose every production has been a success, Edwin Carver, who earned fame for his direction of "Isabel" or "The Trail's End" considered up to the filming of "I Am the Law," the world's greatest snow picture.

The Sunday night program will have excellent double features, starring two popular stars, Wanda Hawley will be offered in "The House That Jazz Built," a corking good drama with a light vein of comedy mixed in for good measure. The other feature offers Gareth Hughes and an all star cast in "Garments of Truth," a fast moving comedy drama that involves many funny situations. Other films include a new episode of "Perils of the Yukon," and comedies. The Palace orchestra will feature a number of the new song hits.

The Keith vaudeville bill for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday is one that will be well liked by all as an exceptionally fine show has been looked. Joseph and Agnes Kelly offer a bit of song and music called "Irish Hearts," a clever blend of vocal and instrumental number featuring the harp and violin; Elsie Huber is a clever singing comedienne with a new and original line of songs; Walsh and Ellis, a comedy couple, should prove "the life of the party" with their funny songs and patter, and Girle and Her Dandies, a combination of five good entertainers who offer a whirlwind song and dance offering. Girle is a ducky male, and her dandies are four colored boys.

Now, Mr. Coon was a cautious person. He intended to take no chances. "I'll let him snip off a little," he said to himself, "and then I'll take a look in the spring and see if I like the style." To his son he said, "Go ahead. I'll tell you when to stop." And then he closed his eyes, to keep the hair out of them.

So Fatty began to cut his father's hair. He went all over Mr. Coon's head once. Then he paused. But his father said nothing. So Fatty went all over his head again, trimming his father's locks somewhat more freely than before.

Again Fatty paused. Still Mr. Coon said no word, nor made a move. "He wants it short," Fatty thought. Once more he set to work. And now he cut Mr. Coon's hair so close to his head that there was nothing more left to cut.

"How's that?" Fatty cried, in his father's ear—the right one.

Mr. Coon gave a sudden start.

"How's what?" he grunted.

"Your haircut," Fatty replied. "Is it short enough?"

"My haircut!" his father exclaimed.

And then he said, "Oh, yes! My goodness! I must have fallen asleep." He clapped a paw to his head. Then he gave a frightful yell.

"You haven't left me enough to part!" he screamed. "I must be a sight. I can't go to the party. Why didn't you wake me up before?"

"I didn't know you were asleep," Fatty told him.

Mr. Coon jumped up and dashed down to the spring. He gave one look into his glassy surface. What he saw there only added to his dismay.

He was in a terrible temper when Mrs. Coon came home from her visit.

"What in the world is the matter?" she cried as soon as she saw him.

"Too much visiting, Maria! Too much visiting!" he snapped. And that was all he would say.

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PARSONS' THEATRE